The Myrtle.

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13.

KILBURN

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A Fancy.

I suppose if all the children
Who have lived through ages long,
Were collected and inspected
They would make a wondrous throng.
Oh, the babble of the Babel!
Oh, the flutter of the fuss!
To begin with Cain and Abel,
And to finish up with us!

Think of all the men and women
Who are now and who have been,
Every nation since creation
That this world of ours has seen;
And of all of them, not any
But was once a baby small;
While of children, oh, how many
Never have grown up at all!

Some have never laughed or spoken,
Never used their rosy feet;
Some have even flown to heaven
Ere they knew that earth was sweet;
And, indeed, I wonder whether,
If we reckon every birth,
And bring such a flock together,
There is room for them on earth?

Who will wash their smiling faces?
Who their saucy ears will box?
Who will dress them, and caress them?
Who will darn their little socks?
Where are arms enough to hold them?
Hands to pat each shining head?
Who will praise them? who will scold them?
Who will pack them off to bed?

Little happy Christian children,
Little savage children too,
In all stages, of all ages,
That our planet ever knew!
Little princes and princesses,
Little beggars, wan and faint,
Some in very handsome dresses,
Naked some, bedaubed with paint.

Only think of the confusion
Such a motley crowd would make!
And the clatter of their chatter,
And the things that they would break.
Oh, the babble of the Babel!
Oh, the flutter of the fuss!
To begin with Cain and Abel,
And to finish off with us!

My Ant's Cow.

MY Ant lives in the country and keeps a cow. I am ashamed to say that, although I have always known she was a most interesting person, I never went to see her until last week. I am afraid I should not have gone then, if I had not found an account of her, and her house, and her cow, in a book which I was reading.

"Dear me," said I, "and there she has been living so near me all this time, and I never have been to call on her." To tell the truth, it was much worse than that; I had often met her in the street, and had taken such a dislike to her looks that I always brushed by as quickly as possible without speaking to her. But I knew that she had never taken any notice of me, so I hoped she would not recognize me if I went to call on her and behaved very politely, now that I had found out how famous she had become. I had great difficulty in finding her house, though it is quite large. She belongs to a very peculiar family; they prefer to live in the dark; so they have no windows in their houses,

only doors; and the doors are nothing but holes in the roof. The houses are built in shape of a mound, and not more than ten inches high; they are built out of old bits of wood, dead leaves, straw, old bones; in short, every sort of old thing that they find they stick in the walls of their houses. Their best rooms are all down cellar; and dark enough they must be on a rainy day, when the doors are always kept shut tight.

But I ought to have told you about my Ant herself before I told you about her house; when you hear what an odd person she is, you will not be surprised to know in what an outlandish kind of house she lives. To begin with, I must tell you that she belongs to a most aristocratic family, and never does any work. You'd never suppose so to see her. I really think she is the queerest-looking creature I ever met. In the first place, her skin is of a dark brown color, darker than an Indian's, and she has six legs. Of course she can walk three times as fast as if she had only two—but I would rather go slower and be more like other people. She has frightful jaws, with which she does all sorts of things besides eating. She uses them for tweezers, pickaxes, scissors, knife and fork, and in case of a battle, for swords. Then she has growing out of the front part of her head two long slender horns, which she keeps moving about continually in all directions, and with which she touches everything she wishes to understand. The first thing she does when she meets you, is to bend both these horns straight toward you, and feel of you all over. It is quite disagreeable, almost as bad as shaking hands with strangers.

My Ant's name is Formica Rufa. If I knew her better I should call her Ant Ru, for short. But I do not expect ever to know her very well; she evidently does not like to be intimate with anybody but her own family; and I don't so much wonder, for I never was in any house so overrun with people as hers is. I wondered how they knew themselves apart. When I went to see her last week I found her just going out, and I thought perhaps that was one reason she didn't take any more notice of me.

"How do you do, Ant?" said I. "I am spending the summer near by, and thought I would like to become acquainted with you. I hear you have a very curious cow, and I have a great desire to see it."

"Humph," said she, and snapped her horns up and down, as she always does when she is displeased, I find.

Then I realized that it was a mistake to mention in the first place that I had come to see the cow. But it was too late to take it back. That is the worst of these awkward truths that sometimes slip out in spite of us; there is no putting them out of sight again.

However, I went on, trying to conciliate her as well as I could, in my entire ignorance of the rules of behavior in the society to which she belonged.

"I hope it will not give you any trouble to show her to me. You must be very proud of having such a fine cow. Perhaps you are on the way to milking now, and if so I should be most happy to go with you."

"Humph," said my Ant again. At least I think that was what she said. It looked like it. I can't say that I heard any distinct articulate sound; and I was too embarrassed to listen very attentively, for I did begin to feel that she might resent my coming out of mere curiosity to see her cow, when I had lived to be an old woman without ever going near her.

But she turned short on her heels (I suppose she has heels), and plunged into the woods at the right, stopping and looking back at me as if she expected me to follow. So I stepped along after her as fast as I could, and said,

"Thank you; I suppose this is the way to the pasture."

My Ant said nothing, but went ahead, snapping her horns furiously.

"O, well," thought I to myself, "you're an uncivil Ant anyhow, if I *have* come simply out of curiosity. You might be a little more polite in your own house, or at least on your own grounds, which is the same thing. I shan't speak to you again," and that is about all the conversation I have ever had with my Ant. But she took me to the pasture, and I saw her cow.

I am almost afraid to tell you where the pasture was, and what the cow was; but if you don't believe me, you can look in books written about such things, and they will convince you that every word I say is true. The pasture was the stalk of a green brier; and there stood not only my Ant's cow, but as many as five hundred others, all feeding away upon it. You have seen millions of them in your lives; I dare say have killed them by teaspoonfuls; for you must know that they were nothing but little green lice, such

as sometimes kill our rose bushes and we try every possible way to get rid of. Who would ever suppose there could be a race of creatures for whom these little green plant lice could serve as cows? But I assure you it is true, and if you live in the country you can see it for yourself; but you will have to look through a magnifying-glass to see them milked. Think of looking through a magnifying-glass at anybody's cow! I looked at my Ant's for an hour, and it seemed to me I hardly winked, I was so absorbed in the curious sight.

Its skin was smooth as satin and of a most beautiful light green color. It had six legs, and little hooks at the end, instead of hoofs; the oddest thing of all was that the horns were not on its head, but at the other end of its body, where the tail would have been, if it had had a tail like any other cow; the horns are hollow tubes, and it is out of them that the milk comes, a drop at a time. The milk is meant for the little plant lice to suck before they are old enough to hook their six legs on to stalks and leaves and feed on sap. But I think that in any place where there are many of my Ant's race, the little plant-lice must fare as badly as poor little calves do when men shut them up away from their mothers; for the Ants are so fond of this milk that sometimes they carry off whole herds of the plant lice and shut them up in chambers in their houses, and feed them as we do cows in barns, and go and milk them whenever they please.

"O dear Ant," said I to my Ant, "do pray milk your cow. I have such a desire to see how you do it."

She did not appear to understand me, and I dare say if she had she would not have done it any sooner. But presently I saw her go up behind her cow, and begin to tap her gently on her back, just at the place where the horns grew out. The cow did not look round nor stop eating, but in a moment out came a tiny drop of liquid from the tip of each tube; my Ant picked it up with her wonderful horns and whisked it into her mouth as quick as you would a sugar-plum. Then she went on to the next cow and milked that in the same manner, and then a third one; she took only two drops from each one. Perhaps that is all that this kind of cow can give at a time. However, I think that for my Ant to take that one drop at a mouthful was about the same in proportion to her size that it would be for us to take a gallon at a swallow. So after all by milking her own cow and two of her neighbors' she made quite a respectable meal. There were several of her friends there at the same time doing their milking; and I could not help thinking how easy it would be for the great herd of cows to kill my Ant and all her race, if they chose. But it is thought by wise people who have studied these wonderful things that the cows are fond of being milked in this way, and would be sorry to be left alone by themselves.

After my Ant had finished her supper, she stood still watching the cows for some time. I thought perhaps she would be in a better humor after having had so much to eat, and might possibly feel like talking with me. But I was determined not to speak first. So I sat still and tried to look as if I did not care whether she spoke or not, for I have observed that that is the surest way to make sullen and contrary people talk. But she never once opened her mouth, though I think I sat there a good hour and a half. At last it began to grow dark, and as I had quite a long walk to take, I knew I must go, or I should not get home in time for my own supper of milk.

"Good night, Ant," said I. "I have had a charming visit. I am very much obliged to you indeed for showing me your cow. I think she is the most wonderful creature I ever saw. I should be very happy to see you at my house."

"Humph," said my Ant.—H. H., in *Our Young Folks.*

Three Old Saws.

If the world seems cold to you,
Kindle fires to warm it!
Let their comfort hide from view
Winters that deform it.
Hearts as frozen as your own
To that radiance gather;
You will soon forget to moan,
"Ah! the cheerless weather."

If the world's a wilderness,
Go, build houses in it!
Will it help your loneliness
On the winds to din it?
Raise a hut, however slight,
Weeds and brambles smother;
And to roof and meal invite
Some forlorner brother.

If the world's a vale of tears,
Smile till rainbows span it;
Breathe the love that life endears
Clear from clouds to fan it.
Of your gladness lend a gleam
Unto souls that shiver;
Show them how dark sorrow's stream
Blends with hope's bright river.

For the Myrtle.

The Arm-Chair.

OVER the brook we'll carry you,
Little sister sweet,
For if you try to cross alone
You'll wet your tiny feet.
So we'll make an arm-chair, brother and I,
And take you over all nice and dry.

For mother said you could not come
With us to the woods to-day,
Unless we took "particular care,
Of little baby May."
So hold on tight, and have no fear,
We'll carry you safe to mother dear. *N. T. M.*

For the Myrtle.

The Lighthouse.

CLARA and her father were stopping at the seashore for the summer, and one day Mr. Watson hired a sail boat and a "skipper," as they call the man who takes charge of the boat. From where they were stopping they could see the lights in a lighthouse miles away, and Clara had watched them every night since she had been there, and had felt great curiosity about them. So when one morning her father told her they were going

to the lighthouse, she was very much pleased. He told her also that they would take dinner at the lighthouse, that it was the custom for people to do this. Clara was delighted with the sail for she had never been on the water before. They sailed round for an hour or two, and by and by they saw some dark object on the water a little way from them. Finally they made out it was a boat, but there did not appear to be anybody in it."

"It has drifted away, I guess," said the skipper.

"No," said Clara, "there is something in it, for I saw something move."

"Yes," she cried again, "it is a girl! see, father, and she is leaning over the boat and the least jerk will send her overboard. O dear! how careless she is!"

The sail boat drew nearer to the boat the girl was in, which was what is called a dory.

"What are you doing, child?" said Mr. Mason.

Just then the girl drew in her line, for she was fishing, and there was a splendid fish on the end of it; with a dexterous jerk she brought him into the boat, and holding him in her hands proceeded to take the hook from his mouth.

When the girl had taken care of her fish, she looked up to see who had spoken to her and to answer the question.

"I am fishing, sir," she said.

"But why are you out here alone?"

"Because there was nobody to come with me," said she, throwing her hook again into the water.

"But wasn't you afraid to come alone?" said Clara.

The girl laughed.

"No, what should I be afraid of. I come out every day with my father, but to-day he's too lame to come so I came alone, for we must have some fish for dinner; there's another!" she cried, pulling in another fish, "and now I've got enough so I'll go home."

"Who are you and where do you live?" said Clara.

"Why, don't you know?" said she. "I am Jennette. I live at the lighthouse there. Most all the folks know me, for lots of people come here in summer to get chowders; my mother makes very nice chowders. There's a party coming to-day and that's why I came out so they could have some fish for dinner."

"Why, we are going!" said Clara.

"That's funny," said Jennette, "now isn't it?"

"I don't see how you can row that boat," said Clara, "you are not much larger than I, and I couldn't do it."

"Because you don't know how, I suppose," said Jennette, dipping her oars into the water and taking a long stroke, which sent her quite past the sail boat. She turned her head and said, "You can follow me and we'll have the chowder ready against you get there."

"Dear me," said Clara, looking after her, "how can she do it?"

"Because, my child, she has been brought up to it. I suppose ever since she was a very young

child she has been out with her father and handled the oars. He taught her to row just as you have been taught gymnastic exercises or dancing. Shall we sail around a little more, or shall we go to the lighthouse directly?"

"O go to the lighthouse, father, I want to see if Jennette has got home safe."

So the "skipper" turned the boat and steered for the lighthouse, where, when they had arrived, they found Jennette just landing. Her father, though he was quite lame, had come down to meet her.

"Ah, Jenny," said he, "you have done very well; now put them into the basket, and run and carry them up to your mother."

"Yes, father, but here are the folks who are coming to dinner. I met them when I was out."

"Ah," said he, "their dinner will be ready shortly."

"We are in no hurry, sir," said Mr. Mason. "My daughter and myself will walk round a while and go over the lighthouse if you are willing."

"I should be very happy to show it to you, or Jenny will do it, for I am too lame to climb the stairs. Jenny does my work there, too, just now."

So Jenny went with them to the lighthouse top and Clara was full of wonder at what she saw there. And while they were looking out over the wide ocean, Mr. Mason told the two girls of the building of a lighthouse way out in the sea on a cluster of rocks, a very dangerous place where many vessels had been wrecked. One man who had had vessels wrecked there said he would build a lighthouse on the rocks, so that no more vessels should be lost. Well, they worked and worked, and for a long time without success, for they could only work when the tide was low, because only then were the rocks to be got at. And two or three, or more times, after they had commenced there would come a great storm and tear it all away. But by and by, for he was not to be discouraged, they built a tower and in the tower they kept a light always burning, and as it was an exceedingly dangerous place no doubt many vessels were saved thereby. But one night there came a terrible storm, such a storm as only comes perhaps once in the memory of a man, and it beat and beat against the lighthouse; the waves were so high they went up over it, and when at last the storm ceased, and the people from the shore could look out to sea once more, they saw the lighthouse was gone; the storm had carried it away.

"Oh, that was too bad!" said both of the girls.

It was rebuilt again afterwards and now every night the light shines out to guide and to warn the ships. *N. T. M.*

The Runaway.

Out through the garden gate she came,
With merry laugh and song,
And off she went with hurried pace
The winding road along—
A little sturdy five-year old,
With eyes of blue and hair of gold.

Through all the sunny afternoon,
'Mid lanes and fields she strayed,
And picked the flowers that round her grew,
Or rested in the shade—
This little Mabel, wandering free
As any bird from tree to tree.

"And who are you, my little one?"
A passing traveller said,
As with a gentle touch he paused
To stroke her sunny head.
Then Mabel looked up fearlessly,
And answered quaintly, "It is me."

"Where do you live, sweet little one?"
Another asked the child,
"I live at papa's house, you know;"
She shook her curls and smiled.
The stranger, as he kissed her, said,
"Then hurry home, my little maid."

And then a sweet, pale lady stopped
The little runaway,
And took her on her knee to rest
And hear what she would say.
"Where are you going all alone?"
She asked in low and gentle tone.

"Oh, I am going far away—
A long, long way from here,
Where mamma says the angels live
Who took our Bertie dear."
The lady's face grew paler yet,
And with soft tears her eyes were wet.

"Nay, little one, you cannot go;
You have no wings to fly;
The angels do not live on earth,
But up in yon blue sky."
Yet Mabel only shook her head.
"No! Bertie had no wings," she said.

The lady smiled. "I too would go
Where Bertie lives you say.
Give me your hand, dear little one,
And show to me the way,"
While stooping down she kissed her cheek,
But not a word did Mabel speak.

For fast asleep upon her knee
The little wanderer lay,
The fairest picture one could see
Upon that Summer day;
While like a guardian angel fair
The sweet, pale face did watch her there.

Our Sunday Schools.

NEW YORK.

—We receive a cheering word from Mexico, N. Y. Br Goodell writes, "Our school is flourishing finely, and *increasing*, as the necessity for more papers testifies. We meet with opposition at every step, yet our cause is steadily gaining." If this is true in the midst of opposition ought we not to take courage in places where all influences are in our favor?

OHIO

— Children's Sunday in Kent, Ohio, was postponed until Aug. 25th, the date of the fourth anniversary of the dedication of their beautiful church. The church was tastefully decorated, the attendance large and the exercises interesting. The best of singing added its charm to the occasion, addresses were made by the pastor, Rev. T. W Silloway of Boston, J. R. Buchtel, and Rev. S. H. M'Collester, Pres of Buchtel College.

—At the General Convention held in Cincinnati on the 17th, 18th, and 19th of Sept., the subject of Sunday Schools was very fully discussed. The committee on Sunday School work made three important recommendations to the Convention, namely:

1. The preparation of a uniform system of record books.

2. The appointment of a committee of five to prepare an extended course of instruction on the "one lesson" plan that may be used in all our schools.

3. Recommending the Sunday School *Helper* as one of the avenues through which the "one lesson system" may be given to the schools.

An appropriation of $200 was voted to pay the expenses of the committee authorized in the second resolution.

So we are likely to have the One-lesson System in full force during this year by direct authority of the General Convention!

—A helping hand was extended to the Universalist churches in Scotland by our General Convention. A contribution of one hundred and fifty dollars was taken, and one hundred volumes of our literature were pledged equally by the Boston Publishing House and Williamson & Cantwell. Mrs. Soule pledged fifty copies of the *Guiding Star* for one year, and the Boston House the same number of the MYRTLE.

MAINE.

—The Maine Sunday School Convention will be held at Waterville, Oct. 16th and 17th. Among the names of those who are to take part we notice those of most of the leading clergymen of the State, and judge the Convention is to be of great interest and profit. Let the friends of the Sunday School in Maine take notice.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

—The New Hampshire Sunday School Convention meets at Concord, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 9th and 10th. All engaged or interested in the Sunday School cause will find a hearty welcome.

MASSACHUSETTS.

—The *Sunday School Institute* to be holden at Worcester Oct. 2d and 3d will be an occasion of rare interest. Many of the best speakers and Sunday School workers of our church in New England will be present and the topics will be full of instruction for all. The programme we have before given in full. We trust no Sunday School teacher and no one who ever expects to be such, will fail to be present, and should urge this plea if it would not be too late when this reaches the reader's eye. We hope to have a good report to make of this *Institute*—which is really a normal school—hereafter.

Making the Watches.

Rev. Mr. Hepworth of New York city, in a plain and good sermon to young persons, makes this striking comparison: "It is said, that in Switzerland, where so many of our watches are made, the workman in this cottage makes one kind of a wheel, while in that cottage another wheel is made; in another, the delicate spring; in another, the hands of the watch; and in another, the case; and so the whole work is distributed over the district, each man doing what he can do best. Then, when the right time comes, all these little cottages yield up the fruit of their labor to the employer. With skilled fingers he puts these springs and wheels together; and if each man has done his work well, the watch will keep pace exactly with the sun. But if the smallest cog-wheel has been bunglingly or unfaithfully made, if the spring has been badly tempered, the watch is spoiled. In God's universe, I think it is so too. You have some little work to do, and so have I. It may be that the manufacture of the smallest wheel in the watch has been intrusted to your care; it makes no difference whether our charge is exalted or humble. God demands of us that our work shall be faithfully and properly and skilfully done.

A Profitable Account.

It is said that the head of one of the largest and most successful banking-houses in the country, when a young man, resolved to take Jacob's pledge, "Of all that thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto thee." He accordingly opened an account with O. P. J. (Old Patriarch Jacob), crediting to it all the commissions that came to his office. His benevolent contributions are very large, and when asked how he can afford to give them, he says, "It don't cost me anything. It is the Lord's money that I give."

Long Walks to School.

In reading about faithful scholars who are willing to walk long distances to attend their Sunday Schools, we often think of the three scholars belonging to one of the Universalist churches in this city, who resided in Chelsea, and who being unable to cross in the ferry-boat one Sabbath morning, walked round through Charlestown to Boston to reach their loved school. This is the right spirit. Such scholars are of some service to their school They bless the school as much as the school blesses them.

——A little girl, connected with a Sabbath School in Lowell, one day said to her teacher, "I want everybody to come to the Sunday School." This desire prompted her to see what she could do in the way of finding new scholars, and in a very short time there were in the infant department thirteen little boys and girls who had beed induced by her to come to the school. What might be accomplished would every scholar imitate the example of this little child.

——A missionary in Japan was questioning the little native boys on Matthew 5th, and asked, "Who are the meek?" A boy answered, "Those who give soft answers to rough questions."

——Some of the best Superintendents of Sunday Schools, East and West, are women.

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON CVII.

CONVERSATION AT THE LAST SUPPER.

"Mine hour is come."

SCRIPTURE. — Math. xxvi. 20. Mark xiv. 17. Luke xxii. 14–30. John xiii. 3–20.

Question. — What did Jesus do on the evening of the great day of the feast of the Passover?

Answer. — Math. xxvi. 20.

Q. — Had Jesus looked forward to this Feast with unusual interest?

A. — Luke xxii. 15.

Q. — Why was it a deeply interesting occasion to Christ?

A. — Luke xxii. 16.

NOTE. The Passover is spoken of by Jesus as typical of a greater Passover—a Passover for all nations—a spiritual Passover for all mankind. And when the Jewish Feast was fulfilled, or filled full, he would eat the new and greater Passover with them.

Q. — What did Jesus do first?

A. — Luke xxii. 17, 18.

Q. — About what was there a disagreement among the apostles?

A. — Luke xxii. 24.

Q. — What did Jesus tell them should not be with them?

A. — Math. xx. 25.

Q. — What should he be who would be great among them?

A. — Math. xx. 26.

Q. — What should he be who would be chief among them?

A. — Math. xx. 27.

Q. — Had Jesus pursued this way to greatness?

A. — Math. xx. 28.

NOTE. We learn that because Jesus took upon himself the form of a servant and humbled himself to the death of the cross, he was raised in authority above all rulers and given a name at which every knee shall bow. He was not condemning the desire of the disciples to become great, but was encouraging their ambition, and was showing them the true and only way to greatness—the way by which he would reach universal power.

Q. — What did Jesus do to enforce his teachings upon this subject?

A. — John xiii 4, 5.

NOTE. As persons at table among the orientals, reclined upon couches at their meals, their feet extended beyond the couch and could be easily reached. And the washing of the feet was the duty of the lowest servant.

Q. — When the Saviour came to the feet of Peter, what did he say?

A. — John xiii 6, 8.

Q. — What did Jesus say to him?

A. — John xiii 7.

Q. — After Jesus had washed the feet of his twelve, what did he do?

A. — John xiii. 12.

Q. — What did he say to them?

A. — John xiii. 14, 15.

NOTE. As the disciples had no idea of the Christ except as an earthly King, they could not understand, at that time, the significance of what Jesus had done. His way to power and greatness was not the way of an earthly kingdom. He was seeking a far greater kingdom, and it could be attained only by the way of lowliness. This he was impressing upon his disciples. And in after life they came to know that authority over men is gained by the humblest and most self-sacrificing efforts by which they are lifted up.

Enigma.

1. Built an ark.
2. A brother of Jacob.
3. Mother of Ishmael.
4. Was beguiled by a serpent.
5. Saw the Lord on Mount Horeb.
6. A judge of Israel.
7. A disciple struck dead for attempting to deceive Peter.
8. A friend of Aaron and Moses.

The initials ot the answers form a book in the Old Testament.

Bessie Putuam.

Answers.

OCT. 5. No. 1. Olivet, Cain, Tabor, Obediah, Babylon, Euphrates, Red Sea.—October.

No. 2. Mesembryanthemum. [From two Greek words meaning mid-day; a beautiful plant from the Cape of Good Hope, the blossom opening at noon.]

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